

# THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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[Vol. III.]

## ORIGINAL.

### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*[The following letter was written some time ago, for the benefit of an amiable sister, and not intended for publication. It was with much reluctance, that the author, diffident of her abilities, gave us permission to publish it.]*

LAURINDA TO ELIZA.

Dear Sister,

I AM now in a serious mood, and shall scribble accordingly. My mind has long been employed in reflecting on the gloomy seasons of human existence. What is life? it is a dream—a bubble, that soon swells and breaks. You, Eliza, will not censure me for indulging a little in pensive thought. Were I preparing an epistle for the amusement of an airy, thoughtless girl, I might, for a moment, dissemble livelier feelings, and write in a more cheerful strain; but why use dissimulation, and especially, with a sister, whom I tenderly love? As we are closely allied by the ties of nature; as our interests are the same; and as our dispositions have ever led us to strike similar chords in the harmony of friendship, I know, that whatever engages the attention of one cannot be uninteresting to the other.

I informed you, in a late letter, of the tour I had taken to the eastward; but I forgot to describe the feelings I experienced in passing the abode of our deceased grandfire. Forgot! did I say? It was impossible for me to fully represent to your mind the sensations, which arose in my own, at seeing that ancient dwelling. You well remember it. It is the place where we, in harmless pleasures, sported away our years of early life. But what a change a few seasons have created! The buildings were then handsome, though not new, convenient, tho' not magnificent. The orchards, composed of fruit-trees of various kinds, then rising to maturity, exhibited a delightful aspect, and wore the semblance of an earthly Paradise, without forbidden fruit. But time alike pulls down the slender weed and sturdy oak, the humble village and the stablest empire. Every thing is now in decay. The house is disfigured with loosened clapboards and shingles; its windows are broken; its doors unhinged, and the whole edifice so impaired, that it must soon tumble to the ground. The orchards are hastening to dissolution. The trees are now aged; and their falling limbs and mouldering trunks seem to bewail, in dumb eloquence, the death of their former possessor.

No sooner did I cast my eyes on these objects, than I saw, in recollection, our pious and venerable ancestor, viewing his fields and superintending his domestic concerns. Nothing could induce him to relinquish his agricultural employment, but the duties of religion, which he performed with an engagedness, that bespoke the sincerity of his heart. I beheld him

in the vigor of health, though in the vale of years, suddenly attacked by a violent and irresistible disorder. His acquaintances and descendants assemble around him. You and I mingle in the group of anxious friends. The summons from heaven for his departure arrives. His malady baffles the efforts of medical skill, and all wait the dreadful moment of his exit. I see our now hoary headed sire, bending over his parent's bed, to catch, from his quivering, dying lips, a last, pathetic benediction.—The impatient spirit flies—tears flow from every eye. Soon I behold the solemn procession form to consign the cold corse to its silent mansion. I trace their slow, but steady, steps. I see the last sad office accomplished—the body lowers to its clayey bed—I hear the cords drawn grating from under it, and the grassy clods fall harshly on the coffin's lid.—Such, my dear friend, is the close of mortal life. Ponder, Eliza, ponder, and tell me, are you prepared for such an end?

LAURINDA.

### ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

(From the Literary Miscellany.)

[Continued from page first.]

In the year 1769 or 1770, when the lectures in experimental philosophy commenced at the University in Cambridge, his friend, who was as fond as Mr. Thompson, of philosophical experiments, obtained liberty to attend them, through the influence of some respectable gentlemen of Boston. When Mr. Thompson heard of this peculiar favor, conferred upon his schoolmate, he zealously endeavored to procure the same privilege, and his request was readily granted. The course of lectures, delivered by Professor Winthrop, was a rich intellectual feast to their inquisitive and hungry minds. Upon their return to Woburn each day on foot from the lectures, they strove by a clumsy apparatus to repeat the experiments, and often contrived new ones to illustrate principles, which were the least familiar. At this time Mr. Thompson made many experiments in mechanics, and was very much entertained with the operation and success of his attempts to gain a practical knowledge of the explosive power of gun-powder. Perhaps these experiments recurred to him, in making those upon the same subject, which he afterwards laid before the Royal Society of Great-Britain.

Sometime in the year 1772 he went to Bradford to teach a school, where he lived but a few months. His next attempt at this business was at Concord on the Merrimac in New-Hampshire, where he soon found it would be impossible to be useful to the world, or gratify his laudible ambition to become great. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Rolfe, the widow of Col. Rolfe of that place, whom he afterwards married. With this lady, who was in every respect calculated to please a young and aspiring

man, possessing a great estate, accompanied with refinement and education, he lived about two years, by whom he had a daughter.—Pleased with parade and the beau monde, and enjoying from the goodness of nature all the personal recommendations, which attract the admiration of the world, he never appeared at public entertainments, or in fashionable circles without being respectfully noticed. In an excursion from Concord to Portsmouth, the capital of that Province, with his lady to be present at a military review or some holiday, his genteel appearance and manly, impressive address attracted the observation of many, and among others he was particularly noticed by the governor, Wentworth, who invited him to his party, and never spoke of Mr. Thompson but with delight. The civil and friendly manner, in which he had thus been treated by the Governor, was not mere etiquette, as was sufficiently manifested a little time afterwards, by having the offer of a Major's commission. This mark of esteem and confidence was peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Thompson, as he possessed a genius and taste for military operations.

The pleasant and happy days, he passed at Concord, were insufficient to lull his natural passion to engage in the active scenes of useful life. Although he enjoyed as much, as any man, the amusements of a country town; although he was susceptible of the comforts of retirement and a peaceful fire-side; and although with his wife, who was affectionately attached to him, he might live an honorable and independent gentleman, he laudibly resolved not to sacrifice his bright talents to the monotonous occupations of domestic life. The world had charms for him, and his ambitious views would never suffer him to relinquish the idea of enjoying them. This ambition was not merely to engage in brilliant scenes of dissipation, but to rise in the estimation of mankind by his usefulness, and call forth that applause, which springs from public love.

Mr. Thompson was perhaps, for so young a man, too much attached to greatness and splendor; and with a genius, which never suffered him to stop short of the object of his pursuit, and with a mind susceptible of impressions from every quarter, he could not fix his attention, according to the cool dictates of common prudence, upon any uniform line of conduct.—From this cause alone a want of regularity in his behaviour, impressions unfavorable to his character as a patriot, were made upon the minds of his acquaintance at Concord. The whig party, as it was then called, in the midst of their zeal for the American cause, were too apt to construe indifference into a determined attachment to the British interest, and therefore we need not wonder that Major Thompson had enemies; indeed he had many. These suspicions at first were cautiously concealed, but finally burst upon his peaceful retirement, and embittered his domestic happiness; and to ease the minds of the people, and to relieve the fearful apprehensions entertained by his friends, he



thought it most advisable to return to his mother at Woburn in November 1774.

Having been thus driven from his wife, he lived with his mother a few months at his native spot, where he spent the most of his time in reading, and his favorite amusement, philosophical experiments. Here too the prejudices of the people, warmly engaged in opposition to the English, denied him that peace and rest, to which his impartiality entitled him. He wished for some employment, in which he might exercise the military talents, with which nature had endowed him; and the suspicions of all, except a few friends, that he was inimical to the American interest destroyed all hopes of promotion. He possessed the courage, ingenuity, and address of an accomplished general, and with a confidence, peculiar to himself, he could ill brook the neglect, he so unjustly suffered.

Popular opinion is easily converted into belief, and this belief, by trivial circumstances becomes truth in the minds of the ignorant and unthinking. Mr. Thompson occasionally went to Boston during his residence at Woburn to examine and accustom himself to the military life. In the winter of 1774 or 1775 he remained in Boston a few weeks, where he was made acquainted with, and was noticed by many people, who were perhaps secretly attached to the British cause, and particularly by General Gage. This connexion, which involved disagreeable consequences, unthought of by Major Thompson, soon made itself known among his enemies at Woburn and that neighbourhood, and no other proof was necessary to convince their prejudiced minds, that he was a tory. In consequence of this inveterate hatred to tories, his conduct was thoroughly investigated by a Court of Enquiry at Woburn in the spring of 1775, where the erroneous opinion of his adversaries was sufficiently shown by the result. He was honorably acquitted of any dangerous or even improper conduct—This determination of his judges purified him in the sight of his opponents, and relieved him from a thousand mortifying embarrassments.

At the commencement of hostilities between the King's troops and the Americans in April 1775, Major Thompson being then at leisure, and not believing it prudent to return to his domestic connexions at Concord, accompanied his friend to the camp at Cambridge, and appeared particularly interested in the martial manœuvres of our army. His friend was believed to be a staunch advocate for the rights of the American people, and Major Thompson was safe from persecution or ungenerous surmises. Here he amused himself with the various occurrences in the camp, and occasionally indulged his inclination for shooting. He also studied military tactics and the art of fortification, which were his usual recreations; for his amusements were always of the manly, athletic, or useful kind.

After passing a few months amidst the varying scenes of a busy camp, and witnessing the noble exploits of the Americans on the different lines, and supposing, that from the probable effect his past conduct had produced upon those, who could make appointments, he should never be able to participate in the exquisite enjoyment of patriotism struggling with oppression, and when too it was uncertain, on which side victory would remain, he left the Americans to seek that patronage and shelter in another country, which was refused him here. This

step he made for pursuits very different from those, which have been imputed to him. In October 1775 he went to Newport in Rhode-Island, where he embarked on board a vessel, whence he sailed to Boston harbor, and in January following he left the American shores for England.

From this general view of the conduct of Major Thompson, and his manner of leaving America, some may have received unfavorable impressions of his character. But he had never made politics his study, and never perhaps seriously considered the origin and progress of the contest; and, if he had sought for employment against his countrymen, he had sufficient opportunities of being gratified. But he withheld not to build his fame upon his exploits and dexterity in warlike achievements. He wished not to sacrifice his countrymen, that he might thereby become the hero of the British arms.—But believing, that the benevolent plans, which he has since adopted, could never be executed but under the fostering hand of well directed power, he fought a field for the exercise of his goodness and ingenuity, where they could be executed, and where there was the most obvious demand. In doing this success had attended his steps, and he has erected in the bosom of every poor man a temple to gratitude, which will endure as long, as benevolence and charity shall be considered christian virtues.

[To be continued.]

#### MATCH-MAKERS.

From the American Spectator.

*Officious couplers wantonly engage  
Virtue with Vice, brisk Youth with frozen Age:  
Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,  
Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.*  
HOR. TRANSL.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him, whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all; each of whom was severally recommended by them as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony to be a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintances; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honorable go-between.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands and wives, one would imagine, that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know

a good-natured lady, who has officiously bro't upon herself the ill-will and the curses of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on that very account. She has a sister, for whom she has provided a most excellent husband, who has shewn his affection for her by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: another near relation, having by her means, snatched up a rich widow, the bridegroom was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two dotting lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be match makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accomplishments that can make the married state happy. I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary persons; and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers.

A careful old gentleman came to town in order to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mother. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended upon it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. 'Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.' 'Not so much, Sir,' said the old lady very gravely.—'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but if it was only seventeen thousand.'—'No, Sir.'—'Or sixteen.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'—'Not so much, Sir.' Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead—'Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand? How much more is it than twelve thousand?' 'Less, Sir.'—'More than ten thousand?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'Not so much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'NOTHING LIKE IT, SIR.'—At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool; and the fellow, who recom-



mended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

## NATURE'S CARE OF ANIMALS.

The horse, the deer, and birds, double their covering in the beginning of the cold season, and shed it in the spring when a warm garment is no longer serviceable.—The beaver removed to the higher latitudes exchanges its fur, and the sheep its wool, for a coarse hair, to allow of the escape of heat. The coarse and black shag, of the bear, on the contrary, is converted in the arctic regions into the finest and whitest fur to retain the vital flame.—In short, the softness and density of hair in animals seems always in proportion to the coldness of the country. The Canadian and Russian furs are therefore better than the furs of climates farther removed from the north. It is well known that the fur of the ermine is the most valuable of any hitherto discovered: and it is in winter only that this little animal has it of the proper colour and consistence. NATURE has provided some animals with another resource; when the season becomes too cold for their constitutions, they sleep, or emigrate into warmer climates.

## THEORY OF THE EARTH.

[Among the numerous theories, which have been formed of the earth, perhaps BURNET'S is the most fanciful and ridiculous. We give it in the words of Dr. GOLDSMITH.]

His Sacred Theory, as he calls it, describing the changes which the earth has undergone, or shall hereafter undergo, is well known for the warmth with which it is imagined, and the weakness with which it is reasoned; for the elegance of its style, and the meanness of its philosophy. The earth, says he, before the deluge, was very differently formed from what it is at present: it was, at first, a fluid mass; a chaos composed of various substances, differing both in density and figure: those which were most heavy, sunk to the centre, and formed, in the middle of our globe, an hard solid body; those of a lighter nature, remained next; and the waters, which were lighter still, swam upon its surface, and covered the earth on every side. The air, and all those fluids, which were lighter than water, floated upon this also; and, in the same manner, encompassed the globe; so that, between the surrounding body of waters, and the circumambient air, there was formed a coat of oil, and other unctuous substances, lighter than water. However, as the air was still extremely impure, and must have carried up with it many of those earthy particles with which it once was intimately blended, it soon began to defecate, and to deposit these particles upon the oily surface already mentioned, which soon uniting together, the earth and oil formed that crust, which soon became an habitable surface, giving life to vegetation, and dwelling to animals.

This imaginary antediluvian abode was very different from what we see it at present. The earth was light and rich; and formed of a substance entirely adapted to the feeble state of incipient vegetation: it was an uniform plain, every where covered with verdure; without mountains, without seas, or the smallest inequalities. It had no difference of seasons, for its equator was in the plain of the ecliptic, or, in other words, it turned directly opposite to the sun, so that it enjoyed one perpetual and luxuriant spring. However, this delightful

face of nature did not long continue the same; for, after a time, it began to crack and open in fissures; a circumstance which always succeeds when the sun dries away the moisture, from rich or marshy situations. The crimes of mankind had been, for some time, preparing to draw down the wrath of Heaven; and they, at length, induced the Deity, to defer repairing those breaches in nature. Thus the chasm of the earth, every day, became wider, and, at length, they penetrated to the great abyss of waters; and the whole earth, in a manner, fell in. Then ensued a total disorder, in the uniform beauty of the first creation, the terrene surface of the globe being broken down: as it sunk, the waters gushed out into its place; the deluge became universal; all mankind, except eight persons, were punished with destruction, and their posterity condemned to toil upon the ruins of desolated nature.

## COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

The number of Students, who received the degree of A. B. at the different Colleges and Universities in New-England, in 1805.

At Middlebury, 16—Burlington, 3—Dartmouth, 28—Harvard, 47—Williams', 26—Providence, 28—Yale, 40—Total, 188.

DOCTOR N. SMITH, the Medical Professor, at Dartmouth College, is now confined to his room with a fever. In consequence of his illness, the Medical Lectures will probably commence, at least, two or three weeks later than the time proposed.

The Ohio Herald informs, that a young gentleman has arrived in that quarter, who intends to bestow his time and attention on the subject of the history of that quarter, from its earliest settlement, to this period.

Pennington's extensive sugar refinery was destroyed by fire, in Philadelphia, on the 21st ult.—Loss estimated at 50 or 60,000 dollars.

## QUEBECK, August 17.

A singular Suicide.—The following is as striking an instance of a deliberate act of desperation, as we recollect to have met with:—On Wednesday the 7th inst. a labourer of the name of Robitaille, of this city, borrowed a gun for the purpose, as he said, of killing a fox; when he went and dug a grave on the plains, near the descent to Wolfe's Cove, made his coffin, placed the coffin in the grave, and himself in the coffin; where he contrived, by fixing the muzzle to his breast, to shoot himself. It was not till some days after that he was found dead in the situation described. It is said that he was subject to fits of lunacy.

## A SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A Batchelor leads an easy life,  
Few folks that are wed live better;  
A man may live well with a very good wife,  
But the puzzle is how to get her;  
For there's pretty good wives, and there's pretty bad wives,  
And wives neither one thing or t'other;  
And as for those wives, who scold all their lives,  
I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother.  
Then ladies and gent's, if to marriage inclin'd,  
May deceit nor ill humor ne'er trap ye!  
May those who are single get wives to their mind,

And those who are married live happy.  
Then some chuse their ladies for ease or grace,  
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking;  
And some chuse for figure and some for face,  
But very few chuse 'em for talking.  
Now as to the wife I could follow thro' life,  
'Tis she who can speak sincerely;  
Who not over nice can give good advice,  
And love a good husband dearly.  
So, ladies and gent's, when to wedlock inclin'd,  
May deceit or ill humour ne'er trap ye!  
May those who are single find wives to their mind,  
And those who are married live happy.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS &amp; READERS.

In the last part of the second volume of the Tablet, we printed a poem "On Science," which was transmitted to us for an original, unpublished production. We have lately discovered, that it was written, by Mr. Daniel Thomas, and pronounced in Middleborough, Mass. before the Philandrian Society. It is printed in a pamphlet, with an oration delivered at the same time. And our correspondent has the honor, the undivided honor of neatly transcribing the poem, and having it published as the effusion of his own intellect!

A. Z's ingenious lines shall be inserted in our next number.

We are waiting, with some anxiety, for the continued literary assistance of 'The Caterer,' 'Senex,' 'Diego,' 'Monos,' 'Philo,' 'Y.' 'S.' 'Discos Tantalos,' and several other writers, who contributed much to the ornament and utility of our second volume.

Those gentlemen, who received subscription papers for the Literary Tablet, and have procured any subscribers, are requested to return the papers immediately, or forward to the Printer the subscriber's names.

"Thrice happy they, in pure delights,  
Whom love with mutual bonds unites,  
Unbroken by complaints or strife,  
And binding each to each for life.

## MARRIED,

At Scituate, Mr. Samuel Eells, of Hanover, Mass. to Miss Rutha Tower. In Philadelphia, Mr. William Whats, pilot, to Miss Susan House—after a tedious courtship of ten minutes.—In Boston, Mr. Samuel Drew, to Miss Lucretia Bray. Mr. Samuel Vaughan, jun. to Miss Elizabeth Brown. Capt. Francis C. Butler, to Miss Frances C. Burt. In Amherst, Thomas Jameson, Esq. of Goffstown, to Miss Isabella M'Gaw. In Walpole, Mr. David Stone, to Miss Hannah Bellows. At Bellows' Falls, Mr. Leverett Tuttle, to Miss Cynthia Page.

"'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,  
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone."

## DIED,

In Sunderland, (Eng.) Mr. Edward Lawson, aged 106. At Washington city, Mr. John Hodgkinson, the celebrated Comedian. In Boston, Benjamin Davis, Esq. aged 77. Deacon Gibbins Sharp, aged 90. Mr. James T. Loring, aged 28. At Canaan, suddenly, Mrs. Greely, wife of Mr. Shubael Greely, aged 26. In this town, a child of Mr. David Hurlbutt, and a child of Mr. Winslow Warren—both of the dysentery.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## SYRENA.

THE nymph of Souhegan doth weep,  
The mules her fate shall deplore;  
The youth of her heart lies asleep,  
Alas! and he waketh no more.

*Philander* was handsome and young,  
His genius exceeded by few;  
The expressions, which fell from his tongue,  
Were elegant, noble and true.

*Syrena* was fair as the day;  
Her cheeks you'd mistook for the rose;  
Her eyes were both sprightly and gay,  
Much beauty and wit they disclos'd.

Her manners were gentle and mild,  
Each motion attended with grace;  
She scarce spoke a word but a smile  
Adorned her beauteous face.

I saw them, one morning in *May*,  
Walk forth by the side of the stream;  
The Finches sang sweet from the spray;  
The union of hearts was their theme.

I had set myself down in the grove  
Unheeded, they passed me by;  
The vows of their mutual love  
Echo'd thro' the air to the sky.

But long ere the close of the day,  
A fever attacked the youth,  
'And death call'd his spirit away'  
To mansions of heavenly truth.

*Syrena* was frantic with grief;  
All methods to soothe her were vain,  
Till her tears gave her bosom relief,  
And eas'd for a moment her pain.

Now heaves from her bosom a sigh;  
Those roses are wet with a tear,  
Which the rays of the morn cannot dry,  
Which the song or the dance cannot cheer.

Console her ye nymphs of the plain;  
Our pity may soften her woe,  
While she sighs for the loss of the swain,  
Our tears for *Syrena* shall flow.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## CONTENTMENT.

CONTENT! thou sweet celestial guest,  
Reside within this troubled breast,  
Nor let me e'er repine;  
Secure of thy soft radiant smiles,  
The fear of fickle fortune's wiles,  
With pleasure I resign.

Thou ever smooth'st life's rugged road,  
Thou light'st my mis'ry's heavy load,  
And cheer'st the peasants' cot.  
May thy soft influence cheer my heart,  
And peace to my sad soul impart,  
Submissive to my lot.

Though man may frown and look severe,  
That God, who knows my heart sincere,  
Will teach me to rely

Not on the cares of earthly friends  
Alone, but him who comfort sends  
To all beneath the sky.

ALOUETTE.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

If you think the following worthy inser-  
tion in the Tablet, please to accept it as a  
small favour, from your friend, H. E.

WILLIAM at the grave of ANNA.

THE day had fled and Nature's pause was  
made,  
The crescent moon and twinkling stars ap-  
pear'd;  
When William near fair Anna's relics stay'd,  
Breath'd out his moan—to Anna long en-  
dear'd:

"Ye holy Pow'rs! O guard this sacred shrine,  
"Where Anna's ashes lie;  
"Let tears bedew her sleeping dust, with mine,  
"Dropp'd from an Angel's eye.

"Let fairest flow'rets gather round her urn,  
"And nought her peace molest;  
"Let weeping friends their tokens give in turn,  
"For Anna truly blest.

"Let smiling youths, like her, their loss deplore,  
"And sigh that Anna's gone;  
"Let lisping babes, and William think no more,  
"She ever can return.

"Let age-worn fires their hoary locks bestrew,  
"While leaning o'er her grave;  
"And souls, who never piercing sorrows knew,  
"A place for friendship crave."

HERMES.

## REVIEW.

I'VE seen, though but a child in years,  
Life's journey rather tough,  
But yet, that half our hopes and fears,  
Are shammy things enough.

I've seen the simple rule the wise,  
The coward awe the brave;  
Age, feeble age, stern death survive,  
While youth suppli'd the grave.

I've seen the sons of fortune fail,  
And end their days in rags;  
Want's meagre offspring shun the jail,  
And boast their golden bags.

I've seen ambition, clad in arms,  
Fly to the field of Mars;  
And vet'rans, proud of war's alarms,  
Ambitious of their scars.

I've seen the spendthrift waste his store,  
His comrades to maintain;  
The miser sternly bolt his door,  
And want implore in vain.

I've seen the path of folly strown  
With all the flowers of taste,  
While the lone walk of virtue shown,  
A solitary waste.

I've seen how folly's hope decays  
With life, as years increase;  
I've seen the christian end his days,  
And lo! his end was peace.

All this I've seen, and sad experience shows,  
(A truth once disbeliev'd, but now confess'd,)  
When born, we list to war with cares and woes,  
And he deserves them least, who bears them  
best. A. Z.

## SELECTED.

## WIFE, CHILDREN &amp; FRIENDS.

(By Mr. SPENCER, son of the Duke of Marl-  
borough.)

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,  
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends)  
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,  
And slipp'd in three blessings—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,  
For justice divine could not compass its ends!  
The scheme of man's fall, he maintain'd, was defeated,  
For earth becomes heav'n, with—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
The funds ill-secur'd oft in bankruptcy ends;  
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,  
When drawn on the firm of—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

Tho' valor still glows in his life's waning embers,  
The death-wounded tar, who his colour defends,  
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying, remembers  
How blest was his home with—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,  
With transport would barter whole ages of glory  
For one happy day with—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,  
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,  
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover,  
The bower where he sat with—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
But dim is the twilight of age, if it borrow  
No warmth from the smiles of—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;  
O'er him wave the willow, which only can flourish  
When 'dew'd with the tears of—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

Let us drink!—for my song, growing graver and graver,  
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;  
Let us drink!—pledge me high!—love and beauty will  
flavor  
The glass which I fill to—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

And it, in the hope this fair island to plunder,  
The tyrant of France to invade us pretends,  
How his legions will shrink, when our arm'd freemen  
thunder  
The war song of BRITONS,—Wife, Children and  
Friends.

## ANECDOTE.

AT a late examination of the senior class,  
in a college, a young man construed the fol-  
lowing line in Horace, "Exegi monumentum  
ære perennius," (which is in English, "I have  
finished a monument more lasting than brass")  
thus: "I have eaten a monument harder than brass."  
One of the trustees immediately replied, "Well,  
Sir, I think you had better sit down and digest  
it."

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